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ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY CHURCH.



VOL. XXII.

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ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY CHURCH.*

EVERY one to whom the name of St. Alban's is familiar, must be aware of the celebrity of its ancient Abbey Church. The town and its vicinity are fraught with antiquarian associations of the highest interest. The abbey church is the point where the principal streets meet, and thus forms a venerable nucleus, which, being on a small hill, is visible for many miles round. The Ver, a branch of the river Coln, separates the town from the site of the ancient Verulamium (Verulam) which, before the conquest of Julius Cæsar, was a chief city of Britain, and the residence of British princes. The Romans walled it about, and erected Verulam into a municipium, or city enjoying equal privileges with the Roman capital. This pre-eminence, however, tended to the overthrow of the city: its newly acquired greatness led to its insecurity. The victorious occupants of Britain disgraced their triumphs with cruelty and oppression; an insurrection ensued among the Britons, who, under their queen Boadicea, in the flourishing colony of St. Alban's, are said to have put to death 70,000 persons, principally Roman citizens, with all the tortures which revenge could devise. The Britons were, however, ultimately worsted, the town was restored, and continued to be a principal Roman station, till the Dioclesian persecution, A. D. 304; when Alban, an eminent citizen, is said to have suffered martyrdom here. In his honour a monastery for 100 Benedictine monks, was erected in 793, by Offa, King of Mercia.

After various revolutions, this vast city fell into decay, while the modern town, with three churches, rose around the monastery. Dr. Stukeley, in the last century, traced the walls of the ancient station, which he found to be 5,200 feet in length, and 3,000 feet in breadth; many vast fragments of the Roman masonry remain to this day, though they are partly hidden by luxuriant nature, who thus, with hedges and green sward, conceals the mightiest works of man. Yet how impressive is such a scene of crumbling decay!

The fragments of old Verulam furnished materials for the building of the abbey, soon after the Norman Conquest. The foundation was, indeed, a splendid one, and accordingly the sooner attracted the iconoclasts of the Reformation. All the monastic buildings, except the gateway, were pulled down in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.; but the church was redeemed by the Corporation of St. Alban's, for 400*l.* and a fee-farm rent of 10*l.* which last payment was, in 1684, redeemed for 200*l.* The church suffered considerably during the Parliamentary war

from the prisoners confined in it, and from the rapacity of the Parliamentary troops. Yet, it withstood the attacks of fanaticism and political zeal to be neglected, and almost allowed to become a ruin! About ten years since we remember, during an hour's visit, to have observed its fissured and sunk walls, and its dank and discoloured coats of plaster, with heartfelt regret. The repairs then necessary, were too extensive for the funds of the Corporation, and though large parliamentary grants had been insured, for foreign works of art, (an assemblage of which, by the way, is described in the present sheet,) a few thousands could not be obtained, by vote or otherwise, for the preservation of one of the finest old English structures. Partial and piecemeal decay was, from time to time, unnoticed; till at length the crash of an extensive accident awakened the people of the county, and of the British nation, from their apathy: on February 3, 1832, a part of the wall, on the south-west side, fell down, and its fall did considerable injury. This accident drew the attention of the public to the dilapidated state of the whole building; meetings were held, at which the nobility, clergy, and gentry of the county, and the admirers of ancient art throughout the country, stepped forth with open hands to aid the preservation of this venerable pile. Funds have been raised for this noble object; the execution of which has been entrusted to Mr. L. N. Cottingham, the architect, whose experience in the restoration and repair of old English buildings, is shown in Rochester Cathedral, and Magdalen College, Oxford. Of the progress already made at St. Alban's we are happy, by aid of a professional hand, to submit the following brief account to our readers.

We may, however, first mention that, as this national work has obtained the patronage and sterling aid of the Sovereign, the inadequacy of funds will not long be cause of regret. The mode in which his Majesty's attention was drawn to the abbey repairs was as well timed as the most zealous patron could wish. On the King's recent visit to the Marquess of Westminster, at Moor Park,† near Rickmansworth, his Majesty, during a drive in his pony phaeton through the grounds, halted to admire the massive form of the Abbey Church in one of the picturesque prospects from this beautiful domain. The opportunity proved a golden one to report to the King the repairs in progress; when his Majesty was pleased to signify his donation of 100 guineas to the fund.

"It appears from the reports of Mr. Cottingham, that the sum of 5,700*l.* will accomplish the truly national object of substantially repairing this noble edifice. The restoration

† Moor Park was anciently the property of St. Alban's Abbey, from which it was severed during the contentions of York and Lancaster.

* An exterior view of the Abbey Church, in connection with Shakespeare's Henry VI. Part II. will be found in vol. iii. of *The Mirror*, with a passing notice of the building.

of the nave, being 300 feet in length, is already completed, in which 40 windows have been restored and reglazed, after being closed with brickwork for centuries. The modern ceiling of the tower being found in a state of great decay and danger, has been removed, and the grand Norman lantern restored. The roofs of the transepts are now repairing, and the great south window rebuilding, in which his Majesty has commanded the Royal arms to be painted, and to occupy the centre compartment; which will be accompanied by the arms of Earls Verulam, Spencer, Cowper, and Hardwicke, the Bridgewater family, the Bishop of London, the Venerable Archdeacon Watson, the Rev. Mr. Small, Vicar of St. Albans, &c.

"The original foundation of this church is referred to a very remote period, and, from the imperishable nature of the materials with which its earlier parts were constructed, being of Roman bricks from the city of Verulam, it is very probable that great portions of the walls, erected by Offa, king of Mercia, in the latter end of the eighth century, are now standing, and form part of the transepts and nave, which were subsequently enlarged and brought to a higher state of magnificence. The exterior of the building, from the simplicity of its plan, and vast dimensions, being longer than any of our cathedrals,* is strikingly grand. Every style of architecture, from the Saxons to the end of the reign of the Tudors, is to be found in this superb pile of English art. It consists of a nave and two aisles, 300 feet in length; two transepts, 170 feet long, a central tower, 150 feet high, a choir, and ante-choir, of noble proportions, bounded by highly enriched stone screens, a Lady Chapel, and ante-chapel adjoining, in the form of the letter T, of the most exquisite proportions and workmanship; from which William of Wykham took his plan for the chapel of New College, Oxford, and was afterwards followed by Chicheley and Waynflete in their beautiful chapels of All Souls and Magdalen. The carved oak ceiling of the Norman lantern, is 102 feet from the pavement; from its windows a fine subdued light is thrown upon the arched gallery and massive piers.

"This building not only furnished examples for some of the noblest edifices erected in the fifteenth century, but has been a complete school of art for the numerous designs and restorations of ancient English architecture so extensively encouraged in the present age. In point of magnitude and grandeur, in the gradations of its style, and the rich and boundless variety of its elegant specimens, it ranks in importance and value with any of our cathedrals. When we reflect that out of the twenty-nine splendid monasteries, which

conferred on their abbots the dignity of Peers of Parliament, but eleven have so far survived the ruin of their former establishments as to allow of divine service being performed in them; and that one of the noblest of these is threatened with premature destruction for the want of a comparatively trifling sum to uphold it, we cannot but feel that it would entail upon us a national disgrace to suffer an edifice associated as this is with a thousand historical recollections; to add to the number of such ruins, where

"Each tried arch and pillar lone
Flends haughtily for beauties gone."

"On the removal of a part of the modern pewing from the body of the church, into the Lady Chapel, where divine service will be performed during the reparation, a favourable opportunity presented itself of taking the accompanying view, which exhibits the lantern of the great Norman tower, now restored; also the choir of Edward III. and the magnificent altar screen of Henry VI.; Whethamstede's monument; the splendid entrance to the cloisters, &c. The figures introduced, are in the costume of the fifteenth century, and may be supposed to represent one of the royal visits soon after the completion of the altar.

"It only remains to state, that although this view exhibits specimens of our ancient architecture during the Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and all the glorious old English ages, it conveys but an imperfect idea of this truly magnificent structure. But we trust enough is here exhibited to excite the feelings of all the admirers of our ancient architecture throughout the kingdom, to contribute their mite towards its preservation, and thus by timely and judicious repairs, secure so rich and beautiful a monument of the piety, taste, and munificence of our ancestors, as the Abbey Church of St. Alban's unquestionably presents.

"Many read of the spoliation and destruction of such sacred edifices, without reflecting that they were the only nurseries of art and asylums of learning, at a period when our forefathers were struggling for the liberty we now enjoy. Within their sacred walls the deeds of the mighty and the good were chronicled in letters of gold, and floated down the stream of time, when no other sources were open to inform posterity of the achievements of a high-minded race of men, laying the foundation of those laws and institutions which have given Great Britain the preponderance in the scale of nations."

* We take this opportunity of an acknowledgment omitted in our description of St. Saviour's Church, a few weeks since—viz. that the accompanying Engraving of the Church was after a lithograph from a drawing by Mr. Cottingham; the only variation being in the upper part of the staircase turret of the Lady Chapel.

† John Whethamstede, the English chronicler, was abbot of St. Alban's, and librarian to Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. He died in 1464.

* The extreme length is 556 feet, being three feet longer than Winchester Cathedral.

THE ORGAN OF ROTTERDAM CATHEDRAL. (To the Editor.)

49 In No. 616 of *The Mirror*, you have given an engraving of part of Rotterdam, together with an interesting, condensed description of the city itself; not omitting the old cathedral of St. Lawrence, which towers above a picturesque group of houses, as seen from the Kolk, a small harbour near the centre of the town.

Perhaps you will admit a farther short notice of this building, chiefly in relation to the fine organ it contains, and of which I cherish some pleasing reminiscences. We arrived at Rotterdam, in the steamer from London, on a Sunday afternoon; and when we had cleared our luggage through the custom-house, the office for which is in the courtyard of the *Hotel des Pays Bas*, (a first-rate inn, also convenient from its situation on the Boombtjes opposite the landing-place,) and dined at the *table d'hôte*, we proceeded in the dusk of the evening to take a nearer survey of the Cathedral; its massive, venerable tower having interested us while we ascended the river, by forming a solemn background to the very pretty, cheerful appearance of that part of the city, which first opened upon us.

On reaching it we were gratified by hearing from within, the full voices of the congregation, accompanied by the rich tones of the organ, pouring forth the notes of psalmody; with the same enthusiasm of united effort which characterizes the zealous presbyterians of Scotland, but at the same time with a Dutch methodical modulation of harmony, to which our worthy northern brethren are frequently inattentive.* It showed an amiable as well as devotional feeling, that the people who happened to be standing outside, or passing by, took up the strain with unobtrusive propriety. Although the church was crowded, we obtained admittance; but had scarcely time to admire the sound, size, and elegance of the organ, before the psalm ceased; and after a short prayer the assembly rapidly dispersed. An extinguisher was successively applied to the lights of a large, branching chandelier, suspended from the centre of the roof, illuminating the gloomy grandeur the columns and arches of the lofty

* The energetic singing of an Edinburgh congregation so grated on the ear of an Italian *maestro* as to elicit a somewhat profane criticism, too well known to be repeated; but the effect is far from inharmonious when, unexpectedly heard from thousands of voices at the field-preachings of those country sacraments, which were wont to be attended by crowds from neighbouring towns and villages for 10 or 20 miles round—a custom now gradually dying away. On entering a glen, a mile or so from the spot, or emerging from a wood, your sympathies would be powerfully affected, as, swelling on the air, "in notes by distance made more sweet,"

"Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive martyrs worthy of the name."

fabric as well as the richly sculptured brass screen and gates, and the marble monuments against the walls. We were very desirous to hear and see more of the organ, but this was a deviation from regularity that could not be permitted; although we discovered that on the morrow we might have an express performance to our hearts' content, on paying the usual compliment of a sum equivalent to about fifteen shillings English.

Arrangements were made accordingly, and the treat we experienced surpassed our expectations. We were entertained for upwards of an hour with the organist's choicest *morceaux*, amongst which were a storm-concerto and a battle-piece, such subjects being usually selected to afford adequate scope to the capabilities of the instrument. In the former, the effect of the thunder, commencing very distant and gradually approaching, was peculiarly striking; and in the latter, there was a vast combination of martial sounds increasing to the loud booming of artillery. The performance altogether was extremely interesting, and occasionally sublime—it appeared to exceed the combined effect of a well-regulated full orchestra; and we were particularly delighted with the exquisite sweetness of the softer tones, which broke upon the ear like the gentlest murmurings of fairy music, or—what is kindred thereto, the wizard Paganini's fiddle—so delicate and attenuated, as to suggest the quotation, "there's not a sound lives betwixt it and silence."

The above is but an attempt to give some idea of the vast power of this noble instrument:—Its construction was commenced above 30 years ago, and it is said still to be in some degree unfinished. The intention was that it should eclipse the celebrated organ at Haarlem, to which, indeed, the good people of Rotterdam are supposed to prefer it; but, neither in size nor power does it approach that splendid instrument, which, I believe, still stands unrivalled.†

In the article already referred to, you have noticed the extensive view from the top of the tower, which embraces nearly the whole of South Holland. The pretty city below, free from smoke, was marked out like a map; while a few miles up the river the fine, old town of Dordt, so often painted by the Dutch masters, formed a prominent object; and Scheidam, Delft, the Hague, Haarlem, Gouda, &c. were more or less to be traced by their lofty towers and steeples, which may be considered the mountains of this flat country. Besides the windings of the Meuse,

† We had been surprised at Rotterdam by the fine imitation of distant thunder:—at Haarlem the imitation of thunder at a distance was equally natural, but we felt the storm gradually coming nearer and nearer, until the rattling peals literally shook the place around us, and were truly awful."—From the description of a visit to the Haarlem organ.

(really the main stream of the Rhine, although the name follows another course,) and the smaller lines of water intersecting the land in all directions, we discerned several lake-like patches, produced, we were told, in the cavities from whence peat had been dug for fuel, and partly the remains of inundations. The filling up of the scenery abounds in green fields, trees, windmills, and villages.

W. G.

Anecdote Gallery.

KOSCIUSKO.

It was at Peakwola, where Kosciusko awaited the Russian and Prussian armies in their advance against Warsaw, that one of his brothers in arms, and who has recorded the events of this portion of his glorious career, found him sleeping upon straw. The picture he draws of this great man in his camp, is an interesting view of the hero who upheld the fate of Poland. "We passed," says Count Oginski, "from Kosciusko's tent to a table prepared under some trees. The frugal repast which we made here, among about a dozen guests, will never be effaced from my memory. The presence of this great man, who has excited the admiration of all Europe, who was the terror of his enemies, and the idol of his nation; who, raised to the rank of Dictator, had no ambition but to serve his country, and to fight for it; who always preserved an unassuming, affable, and mild demeanour; who never wore any distinguishing mark of the supreme authority with which he was invested; who was contented with a suit of coarse, grey cloth; and whose table was as plainly furnished as that of a subaltern officer, could not fail to awaken in me every sentiment of esteem, admiration and veneration, which I have sincerely felt for him at every period of my life."

The following account of this hero is from the "Reminiscences" of a gentleman:—"I think it was about the beginning of the year 1796, when my esteemed friend, Mr. Bush, of Great Ormond-street, informed me that the great Polish patriot, Kosciusko, had arrived at Sabloniere's Hotel, in Leicester Square. I presented myself on the following morning (Sunday) to that hero. I found him reclining on a sofa, dressed in black velvet, a bandage over his forehead, much emaciated, and unable to rise without assistance, but his eyes were full of fire and intelligence. He entered familiarly into conversation, showed me many presents from the most popular artists of the day, particularly a drawing by Mr. West. He told me his stay in town was limited by the members of Government, and that many of the nobility and members of the opposition had visited him that morning, particularly the Duke of

Bedford and Mr. Fox. Twenty years afterwards, at the pressing invitation of Mr. West, I visited his gallery, where my eye was arrested by his picture of Kosciusko. 'This is Kosciusko,' said I. 'How do you know that?' said the President, 'for you were never here before, and the painting has never been out of the premises.' I related, then, my interview with Kosciusko. Mr. West made a long pause; and addressed my wife, who was present, with peculiar emphasis, in nearly the following words:—'Your husband, Madam, has made that picture of great value to me. I painted it some years after I saw the General, merely from recollection, having made no sketch at the time. I have strong reasons for recollecting my interview with Kosciusko. Beyond the pleasure of seeing that truly great man, my mind was filled with admiration on witnessing the approach and salutation of the Duke of Bedford. I had not, until that moment, a perfect notion of masculine beauty, softened by the soul.'"

W. G. C.

BUNAPARTIANA.

MADAME LETITIA BUONAPARTE, who was enriched by the gifts of her son, and still more by her own economy and the prudent management of her fortune, (says a recent writer,) never seriously assumed the elevated part which unexpected events assigned to her. When she has been urged to increase her household establishment, I have frequently heard her say, "I must be economical; one day or other all these kings will be coming to ask me for a dinner, and I must manage so as to have something to give them." She was one of the most beautiful women of her time; and Canova's fine statue, which represents her in the costume of Agrippina, conveys a perfect idea of her dignified figure, and her noble and serene countenance. I saw her many years ago at Marseilles, in the midst of her children, and there was something in the interesting group which seemed to presage the extraordinary destiny that awaited them. Her two daughters, Pauline and Caroline, afterwards Princess of Borghese and Queen of Naples, were beautiful creatures; the former was then only fifteen, and the latter between twelve and thirteen. Elize, who bore on her feminine shoulders the head and countenance of her immortal brother, was distinguished for her vivacious and commanding expression. Lucien, who was then in the commissariat, had just married the daughter of a wealthy innkeeper at St. Maximine. His wife was a very interesting woman, and was a model of virtue and good conduct. Joseph was absent, and Louis and Jerome at college. At this time Napoleon arrived to take the command of the army of Italy. He was extremely

thin; his hollow cheeks were overhung with flowing curls, then denominated *oreilles de chien*. His uniform was ill-made, and the long skirts of his coat dangled against the calves of his legs. He did not sit well on horseback, and his presence altogether occasioned no little dissatisfaction among a division of 12,000 men, whom I saw him command on the plain of St. Michael. A few weeks elapsed, and the hero appeared a hundred times greater than he had shown himself at the dawn of his career, when he raised the formidable battery which delivered Toulon. I shall never forget that on the day of that review I had the honour of dining with him. He took me to the theatre, and from the theatre we adjourned to the Hotel Beauvechin, where he put up. On entering his chamber, he went to bed, ordered a bowl of punch to be brought, and he read to me and a friend who accompanied me, several passages from some papers which contained his plan of campaign. His plan terminated with the following remarkable sentence: "Finally, to beat the enemy for the last time, and to conclude peace under the walls of astonished Vienna." We looked at him with a smile, for which I have frequently reproached myself, for his glorious programme was fulfilled. There was, at that time, in Marseilles, an old officer of the Royal Household, who was possessed with the mania of being poetical, and who was incessantly reading quotations from a tragedy of his own production, entitled "*Les deux Vicillards, ou la vertu vengée*." It was a Tartar subject. To every person who arrived at Marseilles, he offered a part in this tragedy; and then he spent the night in creating a new Tartar, and the poet wrote a character for him. It happened that every morning, the part which had been written during the night was lost and condemned, and the unfortunate poet had to commence his task over again. The future conqueror of Italy and Egypt laughed like a child at this repeated mystification.

MADAME LETITIA BUONAPARTE, the evening preceding her death, called together all her household.—She was supported on white velvet pillows; her bed was crimson damask, and in the centre hung a crown decorated with flowers. The whole of the apartment was lighted in grand style. She called her servants, one after another, to her bed side, who knelt, and kissed her extended hand, which was skinny and covered with a profusion of rings. To her chief Director of Finances, Juan Berosa, she said, "Juan, my blessings go with thee and thine!" To Maria Belgrade, her waiting maid, she said, "Go to Jerome, he will take care of thee. When my grandson is Emperor of France he will make thee a great woman." She then called Colonel Darley to her bed side; he had attended her in all her fortunes, and,

Napoleon in his will, had assigned him a denation of 14,000*l*. "You," said she, "have been a good friend to me and my family; I have left you what will make you happy. Never forget my grandson; and what he and you may arrive at is beyond my discerning; but you will both be great!" She then called in all her junior servants, and with a pencil, as their names were repeated, marked down a sum of money to be given to each. They were then dismissed, and she declared that she had done with the world; and requested water. She washed her hands and laid down upon her pillow. Her attendants found her dead, with her hand under her head, and a prayer book upon her breast. She had some amiable qualities, and considering that her rise from poverty to wealth was so rapid, her way of conducting herself, and proud manner, may be pardonable. She did much good from ostentation, and died regretted for what she could do; not lamented by any one for what she had done.

Napoleon, by his will, made at St. Helena, left to his son, his arms, which he thus described:—"My arms—namely, my sword, the same which I wore at Austerlitz; the sabre of Sobiesky, my poniard, my cutlass, &c." Messrs. Bertrand, Marechal, and other companions of Napoleon's exile, were appointed depositaries, and were to transmit the objects deposited in their hands to the son of Napoleon, on his attaining the age of sixteen. When young Napoleon became of age, he was labouring under a mortal disease, and died before he could receive his father's legacy. The objects are still in the hands of the depositaries, who have thought proper to take counsel's opinion as to what they are to do, in order to be legally disengaged from responsibility. M. Patorny, an advocate of the Royal Court of Paris, has drawn up an opinion in which he proposes the following three questions:—"Do the arms of Napoleon belong to Maria Louisa, that is to say, the Austrian? Do they belong to the father's family at Rome? Do they belong to the French nation?—The opinion of Messrs. Odillon Barrot, Paillet, and Philip Dupin, in conformity with that of M. Patorny, is, that the arms of Napoleon are national property, and that the State has a right to claim them, to be deposited in a public establishment.

W. G. C.

The Naturalist.

THE RIPPLES AT SEA.

In the eastern seas, in particular, it is well known a phenomenon frequently takes place, called the "ripples" when the surface of the sea, in the midst of a dead calm, is thrown into the most violent state of agita-

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tion, rolling on, as would seem, with great velocity, while in point of fact there is no current whatever. We have never met with a satisfactory explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon, but it is so well described, though with some exaggeration, by the writer of the *Port Admiral*,* that we shall quote the passage.—*Quarterly Review*.

"A brilliant glare of light was observed to gleam forth from that part of the heavens where the brig was last observed to be. It was not lightning, so much as a dazzling and splendid coruscation. This had scarcely passed away, when a low, hollow murmur was faintly distinguished—the ear at first doubted whether it was a sound or a deception. Then it grew louder, resembling the distant roar of surf on a lee-shore. With terror in their countenances the men eyed one another, involuntarily and simultaneously exclaiming, "Breakers!" But again, they were distant from any land—the noise increased, while the point from whence it came exhibited a bright light, distinguishable through which was for a moment beheld the black speck of the brig. The ocean seemed to be on fire; the tumult increased; the long line of vivid light on the distant horizon rapidly approached with supernatural swiftness; the agitated surface of the waters, lashed into fury, seemed more appropriate to Pandemonium than our globe,—the sailors looked aloft to the canvass, expecting to see the close-reefed top-sails blown out of their bolt-ropes.—Not a point, not a gasket betrayed the slightest motion. No breath was felt to cool the faces which the sultry air had parched, and which expectation fevered: the roll of the long seas seemed chained; the rest of the ocean appeared as a polished glass; while a quick, steady, tremulous shivering was felt throughout the ship's hull, and her crew momentarily expected the abyss to yawn and close on them for ever.

"Thus, then, they remained staring with distended eyeballs on the approaching confusion of the waters, that traversed miles in seconds, and left distance far behind in its luminous career. No human voice was distinguishable; their breasts throbbed, their pulses seemed clogged with the heavy-laboured breath they drew as it came near. Some chemical decomposition of the atmosphere seemed to take place, as if those particles replete with life, which it once contained, had vanished; they inhaled the air, and yet it seemed to mock them, leaving behind the pangs of suffocation. In an instant more, and it had overtaken them. As far as the eye could reach, a-head or a-stern, all was one stream of fire and foam, while the same view presented itself on either side for a considerable way. The brine boiled up around

them, mounting the gangway and splashing in the face of those whose curiosity had led them too near. Still the air was unmoved—the sense of suffocation intense, while the ship trembled beneath their feet, as if endowed with the living and animate comprehension of her terrified crew."

LOCUSTS.†

CALMET tells us—"The Hebrews had several sorts of locusts, which are not known among us: the old historians and modern travellers remark, that locusts are very numerous in Africa, and many places of Asia; that sometimes they fall like a cloud upon the country, and eat up everything they meet with. Moses describes four sorts of locusts. Since there was a prohibition against using locusts, it is not to be questioned but that these creatures were commonly eaten in Palestine, and the neighbouring countries."

Dr. Shaw, Niebuhr, Russell, and many other travellers into the eastern countries, represent their taste as agreeable, and inform us that they are frequently used for food. Dr. Shaw observes, that when they are sprinkled with salt and fried, they are not unlike, in taste, to our fresh-water cray-fish. Russell says, that the Arabs salt them, and eat them as a delicacy. Niebuhr also says, that they are gathered by the Arabs in great abundance, dried, and kept for winter provisions.

The ravages of the migratory locust have been, at particular times, so extensive as to lay waste the vegetation of whole districts, and even kingdoms. In the year 583 of the Christian era, these animals appeared in such vast numbers, as to cause a famine in many countries. Syria and Mesopotamia were over-run by them in 677. In 862, immense swarms took their flight from the eastern regions into the west, and destroyed all vegetables, not even sparing the bark of trees, or the thatch of houses, after devouring the crops of corn, grass, &c. Their daily marches were observed to be about twenty miles each; and it is said their progress was directed with so much order, that there were regular leaders among them, who flew first and settled on the spot, which was to be visited at the same hour the next day by the whole legion. Their marches were always undertaken at sunrise. In 1541, incredible hosts afflicted Poland, Wallachia, and all the adjoining territories, darkening the sun with their numbers, and ravaging all the fruits of the earth. The years 1747 and 1748, afforded a memorable instance of the ravages of these insects in Germany and other parts of Europe, as far north as England. In the eastern parts of the world, such flights of locusts appear more frequently than in Europe; and it is often found necessary for the governors of particu-

* A novel, of extraordinary character and striking merit.

† See also *Mirror*, vol. xvi. p. 106.

at provinces to command a certain number of the military to take the field against armies of locusts with a train of artillery. Sometimes pestilential fevers have been raised by great quantities of dead locusts.

P. T. W.

Fine Arts.



PILLAR AT BEWCASTLE.

THIS curious relic of antiquity has, indeed, puzzled the inquirers of modern times. It stands in the churchyard of St. Mary, at Bewcastle, Cumberland, at some little distance from the remains of the castle. It is engraved in Sir Walter Scott's splendid work, *Border Antiquities*, in the letter-press of which we find the following descriptive notes; but Sir Walter has not even ventured an opinion of his own, as to the age or object of the monument.

"In Bishop Gibson's edition of Camden's *Britannia*, it is thus described: 'In the churchyard is a cross of one entire square stone, about 20 feet high, and curiously wrought; there is an inscription too, but the letters are so dim, that they are not legible: but seeing the cross is checkered like the arms of the family of Vaux, we may suppose that it has been erected by some of them.' Bishop Nicholson says, 'it is one entire freestone, of about five yards in height. The figure of it inclines to a square pyramid,

each side whereof is near two feet broad at the bottom, but upwards more tapering. On the west side of the stone we have three draughts, which evidently enough manifest the stone to be Christian.'

"Mr. Smith, in his communication to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1742, page 133, says he conceives this to be a sepulchral monument of a Danish king slain in battle; yet agrees with the bishop, that it might also have been designed as a standing monument of the conversion of the Danes to Christianity, which might have happened on the loss of their king, and therefore both be celebrated by it. He goes on to say, 'that the monument is Danish, appears incontestible from the characters; Scottish and Pietish monuments having nothing but hieroglyphics, and the Danish both: and except Bridekirk font, (also in this county,) it appears to be the only monument of that nation left in Britain.'

"Mr. Hutchinson, in his *History of Cumberland*, says, 'There is no doubt that this was a place of sepulture; for, on opening the ground on the east and west sides, about the depth of six feet, human bones were found of a large size, but much broken and disturbed, together with several pieces of rusty iron. The ground had been broken up before by persons, who either searched for treasure, or laboured, like us, with curiosity. Whether the checkers were designed or not for the arms of the family of Vaux, or De Vallibus, must be a matter of mere conjecture; we are inclined to think that armorial bearings were not in use at the same time with the Runic characters.'

The mention of *Runic* characters is somewhat vaguely introduced in this passage; but, according to another and more recent authority, the Runes had more to do with this monument than Sir Walter's quotation would lead the hasty reader to imagine. Mr. Francis Palgrave, F. R. S. and F. S. A. in the first, and we regret to observe, the only published portion, of his *History of England*, has figured the Bewcastle wonder as one of his prettily drawn illustrations. He plainly calls it a "Runic pillar," and explains that "before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons, they employed certain mysterious characters denominated *Runes*," which the heathen Teutons believed to possess magical powers. Their origin ascends into the most remote antiquity, and Mr. Palgrave gives a few of the letters named after trees, &c.; but, promising as this gentleman is at the outset, we were unprepared for the information that the Runes "have been explained by the learned, with more satisfaction to themselves than to their readers,—who are often strangely perplexed by the most singular conflict of opinions amongst their guides." Then, lo!

• *Border Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 197, 198.

he quotes the very mystery we sought to unravel: "thus, an inscription upon a pillar at Bewcastle, which, in the eye of the renowned Olaus Wormius, expresses '*Reno satu runa stena thissa*.'—*Reno* fixed this Runic stone,"—is interpreted by the ingenious Grimm, as '*Rices Drihtenes*;'—'*Of the Kingdom of the Lord*.'" This is the climax—the perfection of a puzzle, and we can only add Mr. Palgrave's general conclusion: "that the Runes did lurk amongst the Anglo-Saxons, and that they employed the ancient characters for magical charms. And the Danish population of Northumbria certainly retained the Runes till the Conquest, as is proved by the Bewcastle and Bridekirk monuments, and many others of a similar description."⁹

The principal side of the pillar, as will be seen by the Cut, bears the inscription, with two figures above, and one below: the uppermost group being probably intended to represent the Virgin and Child.

* Hist. Eng. Anglo-Saxon Period, vol. i. p. 147-9.

New Books.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

[THE 20th volume of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, just published, is devoted to a popular description of the Elgin and Philageian Marbles in the British Museum, by clearly written text, and about a hundred illustrative cuts of the metopes of the Parthenon, the Panathenæic Frieze, &c. Its publication is especially seasonable; for, at no period of the year is the British Museum more crowded with visitors, (particularly from various parts of the country,) than in the present month. By way of specimen of the clear, concise, and satisfactory style in which the volume is executed, we quote, abridged, the introductory chapter, explaining in a few pages—]

The Elgin Marbles.

In the summer of 1799, at the period of the Earl of Elgin's appointment to the Embassy to Turkey, Mr. Harrison, an experienced architect, who was then working for him in Scotland, suggested to his lordship, that though the public was in possession of every thing to give them a general knowledge of the remains of ancient art at Athens, yet they had nothing to convey to artists, particularly to students, that which the actual representation by cast would more effectually give them. Upon this suggestion, Lord Elgin made a communication to his Majesty's government; but the probability of incurring, an expense of an indefinite nature, and doubt as to the successful issue of the undertaking, deterred the minister from adopting the proposal as a national object. Nothing, there-

fore, was done to promote Lord Elgin's views in England.

In his voyage to Constantinople, Lord Elgin touched at Palermo, where he consulted with Sir William Hamilton, who not only encouraged his idea of procuring drawings and casts from the sculptures and architecture of Greece, and more especially from the specimens existing at Athens, but applied to the King of Naples for permission to engage his Majesty's painter, Giovanni Battista Lusieri, then at Taormina, who went with Mr. Hamilton† to Rome; and, upon a plan arranged by Sir William Hamilton, engaged five other artists, the best assistants Rome could afford, who accompanied him to Turkey. These five persons were, two architects, Signor Balestra, and a young man of the name of Ittar; two modellers; and a draughtsman, Theodore, a Calmuc, of great talent in drawing antique figures. They reached Constantinople about the middle of May, 1800, when the French were in full possession of Egypt. They were sent, however, as soon as opportunity offered, to Athens, where Lusieri afterwards joined them, and where, from August, 1800, to the month of April, 1801, they were principally employed in making drawings, at a very considerable expense on the part of Lord Elgin.

In proportion to the change of affairs in the English relations towards Turkey, the facilities of access were increased, and about the middle of the summer of 1801, all difficulties were overcome. Lord Elgin then received very strongly expressed firmness from the Porte, which were carried by the Rev. Dr. Hunt, the chaplain of the Embassy, to the Vaivode of Athens and the Dindar of the Acropolis, and which allowed his lordship's agents not only to "fix scaffolding round the ancient Temple of the Idols," as the Parthenon was called, "and to mould the ornamental sculpture and visible figures thereon in plaster and gypsum," but "to take away any pieces of stone with old inscriptions or figures thereon;" a specific permission being added, to excavate in a particular place. Lord Elgin subsequently visited Athens himself with additional firmness, and having received while at Constantinople very urgent representations from Lusieri on the almost daily injury which the originals were suffering from the violent hands of the Turks, who were engaged in dilapidating the building piecemeal, in order to dispose of the fragments to travellers, he was at length induced to consent to the removal of whole pieces of sculpture, and thus after some years spent in the operation, succeeded in acquiring all those exquisite statues and alti, and basai reliefs, which are now called the Elgin marbles.

† William Richard Hamilton, Esq., afterwards British Minister at Naples.

At his lordship's departure from Turkey in 1803, he withdrew five out of the six artists, sent home what he had collected, and left Lusieri to continue such further operations as might tend to make his collection more complete.

In 1811, Mr. Perceval was disposed to recommend the sum of 30,000*l.* to be given for the collection as it then existed, but the offer was declined on the part of Lord Elgin, who still continued to add to his treasures. As late as 1812, eighty cases additional to the collection arrived in England.

In 1815, the negotiation was renewed, Lord Elgin offering, in a petition to the House of Commons, to transfer the property of his collection to the public, upon such conditions as the house might deem advisable, after an inquiry upon evidence into its merits and value.

In the House of Commons this proposal met with a partial opposition. * * * The Committee to whom inquiry concerning the collection was referred, came to a unanimous opinion in favour of Lord Elgin's conduct and claims, an opinion distinctly expressed in the Report which was the result of their examination.

They stated that, before Lord Elgin's departure for Constantinople, he communicated his intentions of bringing home casts and drawings from Athens, for the benefit and advancement of the fine arts in this country, to Mr. Pitt, Lord Grenville, and Mr. Dundas, suggesting to them the propriety of considering it as a national object, fit to be undertaken and carried into effect at the public expense; but that this recommendation was in no degree encouraged, either at that time or afterwards.

It was undoubtedly at various times an object with the French government to obtain possession of some of these valuable remains; and it seemed probable, according to the testimony of Lord Aberdeen and others, that at no great distance of time they might have been removed by that government from their original site, if they had not been taken away and secured for this country by Lord Elgin.*

Chandler says that Morosini, after the siege, was ambitious to enrich Venice with the spoils of Athens; and, by an attempt to take down the principal group of the western pediment, hastened its ruin.

The charges attending the formation, removal, and placing of Lord Elgin's collection in London, including conveyance, salaries, board and accommodation to artists at Athens,

and literally all their supplies; scaffoldings, packing-cases, payment to Turkish labourers; transit of some of the property in hired vessels to England, and loss occasioned by the wrecking of one; the weighing up of the marbles, which formed the sole cargo of one of these, by means of divers procured from the distant islands of Calymna, Cos, &c.;† the unfavourable exchange of money; the cost of erecting convenient and sufficient buildings for the marbles when arrived in London; arranging the casts, and attendance on the collection; formed a large and heavy amount, from 1799 to 1803, of 62,440*l.*, including 23,240*l.* for the interest of money; and, according to a supplemental account continued from 1803 to 1816, to no less a sum than 74,000*l.*, including the same sum for interest.

Two valuations, and only two in detail, of the collection were laid before the Committee of the House of Commons, differing most widely in the particulars, as well as in the total. One from Mr. Richard Payne Knight, amounted to 25,000*l.*, the other from Mr. William Richard Hamilton amounted to 60,800*l.* The only other sum mentioned as a money price, was in the evidence of the Earl of Aberdeen, who named 35,000*l.* as a conjectural estimate of the whole, without entering into particulars.

The committee having ascertained the prices paid for other celebrated collections of marbles, more especially for the Towaleyan Marbles, and those from Ægina, and from Phigaleia in Arcadia, came to the resolution that they should not be justified, in behalf of the public, if they were to recommend to the House any extension of Mr. Perceval's offer to a greater amount than 5,000*l.* Under all the circumstances of the case they judged 35,000*l.* to be a reasonable and sufficient price for this collection. The act of the legislature by which it was procured for the public was dated July 1, 1816. The policy of acquiring it is becoming every day more evident. It is a fact worthy of record, that, with a view to wait the event of the English parliament purchasing or refusing these marbles, the present King of Bavaria had lodged 30,000*l.* in an English banking-house. The possession of this collection has established a national school of sculpture in our country, founded on the noblest models which human art has ever produced.

Tuesdays and Thursdays in every week,

† Lord Elgin, in the Appendix to the Committee's Report, p. 65, says, "There was, besides, the loss of my vessel (the *Mentor*), an English copper-bottomed yacht, which was cast away off Cerigo, with no other cargo on board than some of the sculptures. The price and charges on this vessel (which, from the nature of her voyage, could not be insured in Turkey), and the operations, which continued three years, in rescuing the marbles, cannot be stated under 5,000*l.*"

* See also the Memorandum of the Earl of Elgin's Pursuits in Greece, 4to, 1810, p. 5. Some of the persons employed in collecting for M. de Choiseul Gouffier's Museum were remaining at Athens when Sir John Hobhouse was there in 1810, having, as he expresses it, "the same views, which nothing but inability prevented them from accomplishing." *Journey through Albania, &c.*, p. 346, note.

and the whole month of September in every year, when day-light is usually the steadiest and strongest, are now exclusively devoted to artists and students in the Elgin and Townleyan Galleries in the British Museum.

[In these times, what can be more astounding, accustomed as we are to see puny buildings spring up around us, than the magnificence of—]

Grecian Temples.

In respect to the dimensions of Grecian temples, one of the largest was that of Diana at Ephesus. It was 425 feet long by 220 broad: the columns were 60 feet in height. The temple of Jupiter at Agrigentum, described by Diodorus Siculus, was 340 feet in length by 60 in width. The latter measurement, however, is generally admitted as a mistake in the text for 160; since the great temple of Selinus, the next in size, was 331 feet in length by 161 in breadth; and sixty feet of width compared with the length is an impossibility. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens, was 259 feet long by 96 in width. That of the Parthenon, 228 by 102. The larger temple at Paestum, 195 feet four inches by 78 feet ten. The temple at Segeste, 190 feet by 76 feet eight inches. The temple of Syracuse, 172 by 74. That of Corinth, 160 feet by 100. The temple of Apollo Epicurius at Phigaleia, 124 feet by 47. That of Juno at Agrigentum, 124 feet by 54 feet seven. The smaller temple at Paestum, 107 feet by 47. The temple of Theseus, 104 feet by 45. The temple of Jupiter, at Egina, was 96 feet by 45. The joint temple of Minerva Polias and Eretheus, 74 feet long by 38 in width; the columns 22 feet high.

Manners and Customs.

BRICK TEA.

THE Mongols, and most of the Nomades of Middle Asia, make use of this tea: it serves them both for food and drink. The Chinese carry on a great trade in it, but never drink it themselves. In the tea manufactories, which are for the most part in the Chinese government of Fokien, the dry, dirty, and damaged leaves and stalks of the tea are thrown aside; they are then mixed with a glutinous substance, pressed into moulds, and dried in ovens. These blocks are called by the Russians, on account of their shape, Brick Tea. The Monguls, the Bourjats, the inhabitants of Siberia beyond Lake Baikal, and the Kalucks, take a piece of this tea, pound it in a mortar made for the purpose, and throw the powder into a cast-iron vessel full of boiling water, which they suffer to stand a long time upon the fire—adding a little salt and milk, and sometimes mixing flour fried in oil. This tea, or both, is known by the name of Satouran. It is very nourishing.

FERNANDO.

CONSUMPTION OF OPIUM IN CHINA.

It is remarkable, that whilst the laws of China strictly prohibit the importation of this drug, under the severest penalties, confiscating the cargoes of vessels in which it is brought, levying heavy fines upon, and subjecting to corporeal punishment, all persons concerned in smuggling it,* and even sentencing houses in which it is found to the flames, the consumption of opium continues; and the quantity demanded and received in China is regular, and nearly uniform. Even the use of it is prohibited; so that it is an enjoyment purchased with great risk or great sacrifice in bribes, since those who use it can always be known by the effects it produces.

It is not, perhaps, generally known, that opium in that country is chiefly used for smoking—that is, for mixing with tobacco. For this purpose, the Bengal opium is preferred to that of every other country, on account of its flavour. When opium is required for chewing, and the intoxicating property is more an object than the flavour, the Malwa opium is preferred to that of Bengal, because it is more abundant in the narcotic principle. For this reason it is a favourite in the eastern islands.

The Malwa opium has lately been in great demand at Canton; whilst that of Patna and Benares, as well as that of Bengal and Turkey, have declined in credit. This denotes that the destructive habit of chewing opium is gaining ground in China. Thus do records of trade supply a commentary upon the morals of a country! FERNANDO.

The Public Journals.

SPECIMENS OF IRISH MINSTRELRY:

KEEN ON YOUNG DRINAN.

Said to have been composed, about forty years since, by the nurse of a boy named Drinan, as she accompanied his funeral from Cork to Carrigaline.

[According to the tradition respecting this keen, the sister-in-law of Drinan's nurse entertained an enmity towards her husband's family; and, roused by the boast respecting her father-in-law's abundant table, in the sixth verse, she replied in a severe commentary. Whether this produced a rejoinder from the *prima donna*, or whether (as is very improbable) she remained silent under the insult, I am unable to state, having faithfully translated all (and it is apparently a mere fragment) that I obtained.]

The pulse of my heart and the prop of my years,

The child of my breast, whom its softness had cherished,

Lies there!—and I see through the mist of my tears,
In the darkness of death, that my sunshine has perished.

* The risk of conveying opium into the interior is evident, from the fact that 8,000 dollars have been given at Pekin for a chest, worth only 600 at Canton.

Had he lived open house he'd have kept for all men—
Though a child, who that marked his high spirit
could doubt him?

But he now lies as cold as the snow in the glen,
And what is this world to be left in without him?

My gossip! the ways of the world I'll explain—
They are falsehood, and meanness, and cheating,
and squeezing.

Since small bits of sheep-skin will great rents obtain,
And the agent is warm while the tenant is freezing.

The rents they are heavy; then look at the ground.
Every foot is twice measured by learned surveyors:

No landlord in Ireland is now to be found,
Who will give the old acre to gain a man's prayers.

With clothing and victuals, the needy and poor
My child would have helped through the cold of the winter.

In summer the thirsty would drink at his door;
And his name, in no manner of thing would he
stunt her.

She never was stinted—fresh fish every day,
And potatoes the largest, her father was able

To give her, with honey, and butter, and whey,
And the best wine of France he could put on his

table.

The Speaker's sister-in-law replies:

May a heart raw and scalding be yours for the
boast!

Your father, poor man! to his wit's end was
driven:

Your fresh fish—the limpet picked up on the coast,
Your potatoes—the small things to pigs only

given.

Your butter scarce—what's the scum of the strand,
Your honey—from sea-comb flung up by the

ocean.

Your whey—the sour milk from a dead woman's
hand,[†]

And the best wine of France—you're a fool, I've a
notion.

KEEN FOR YOUNG RYAN.

[An address from the mother of a young man, to the keepers who were hired to attend his funeral, and probably delivered by her, as the procession was about to depart from her house to the burial ground. The name of the young man is traditionally said to be Ryan; and, judging from the allusion to the river Dour, he appears to have been a resident in the eastern part of the county of Cork.]

* Literally, the cut or wounded potatoes put aside for pig's food. To be fed on small potatoes, is considered as little short of actual starvation. Thus a damsel, in the popular song, tells her lover—

"I'm none of your Looneys, nor half-famished Mooneys,

That picked out and sold the big minions [a species of potato]

To portion off Joan: the crehns eat at home,

With a dip [a relish] made of salt and boiled

onions."

† It is a horrible superstition of the south of Ireland, that the left hand of a corpse, if dipped into the churn, will make the cream produce considerably more butter, and of a richer and better kind, than it would otherwise have done. "In the year 1816, I saw a woman, who had been apprehended and taken into custody on a charge of 'raising cream' by means of a dead man's hand; and two bodies, in a shocking state of putrefaction, were exhibited in evidence of the fact. It was afterwards, however, proved that these hands had been conveyed into the dairy by some persons who wished to injure the poor woman. But the circumstance was sufficient to prove the existence of the superstition, which then became a general subject of conversation in the neighbourhood where it occurred."

Maidens! sing no more in gladness

To your merry spinning-wheels;

Join the keepers' voice of sadness,

Feel for what a mother feels.

See the space within my dwelling,

'Tis the cold blank space of death!

'Twas the banshee's voice came swelling,

Slowly o'er the midnight heath.

Keepers! let your voices blending,

Long and loudly mourn my boy;

Through Six Counties! proudly sending

Song as great as that of Troy.

He was as the Christmas minner,

Bounding like a ball in play;

He was as the dancing summer,

Bright and merry as the May.

What was motion now is starkness,

What was comfort now is none,

What was sunshine now is darkness—

My heart's music, it is gone!

There's a grief that few can measure,

All absorbing, deep, and dim;

'Tis a grief makes death a pleasure,

And that grief I feel for him.

Dark as flows the buried Dour,[†]

Where no ray can reach its tide,

So no bright beam has the power

Through my souls cold stream to glide.

Did your eyes, like holy fountain,

Gush with never-failing spring;†

Had ye voices like the mountain,

Then my lost child ye might sing.

Keepers! let your song not falter—

He was as the hawthorn fair;

Lowly at the Virgin's altar

Will his mother kneel in prayer.

Prayer is good to calm the spirit,

When the keen is sweetly sung;

Death though mortal flesh inherit

Why should age lament the young?

'Twas the banshee's lonely wailing—

Well I knew the voice of death,

On the night-wind slowly sailing

O'er the bleak and gloomy heath.

Through the holy mother, Mary,

And her babe, our Saviour blest,

Hearts that of this world are weary**

Will in heaven find joy and rest.

Fraser's Magazine.

A DINNER IN JAMAICA.

(From Tom Cringle's Log, in Blackwood's Magazine.)

I NATURALLY enlarged the circle of my acquaintance in the island, especially in Kingston, the mercantile capital; and often does my heart glow within me, when the scenes I have witnessed in that land of fun and fever

† A spirit which is superstitiously believed in Ireland to give warning of death to certain families, by loud and wailing cries.

‡ A literal translation, probably meaning the province of Munster.

§ Dr. Smith, in his *History of Cork*, mentions, that "about a mile south-east of Castle Martyr, a river called the Dour breaks out from a limestone rock, after taking a subterraneous course near half a mile, having its rise near Mogeely." It has been remarked, that "the original [of this verse] would seem to have suggested to Mr. Moore the notion of that touching song, in his *Irish Melodies*—

'As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in darkness and coldness below," &c.

¶ A holy well, or fountain, is supposed never to be dried up.

** *Hibernicæ, sævæ.*

rise up before me after the lapse of many years, under the influence of a good fire and a glass of old Madeira. Take the following sample of Jamaica High Jinks as one of many. On a certain occasion, I had gone to dine with Mr. Isaac Shingle, an extensive American merchant, and a most estimable man, who considerately sent his gig down to the wherry-wharf for me. At six o'clock I arrived at my friend's mansion, situated in the upper part of the town—a spacious, one-story house, overshadowed by two fine, old trees, and situated back from the street about ten yards: the intervening space being laid out in a beautiful, little garden, raised considerably above the level of the adjoining thoroughfare, from which it was divided by a low parapet wall, surmounted by a green painted, wooden railing. There was a flight of six brick steps from the street to the garden, and you ascended from the latter to the house itself, which was raised on brick pillars, a fathom high, by another stair of eight broad marble slabs. The usual veranda, or piazza, ran along the whole front, beyond which you entered a large and lofty, but very darksome hall, answering to our European drawing-room, into which the bed-rooms opened on each side. It did strike me at first as odd, that the principal room in the house should be a dark dungeon of a place, with nothing but borrowed lights, until I again recollected that darkness and coolness were convertible terms within the tropics. Advancing through this room, you entered, by a pair of folding-doors, on a very handsome dining-room, situated in what, I believe, is called a back jamb—a sort of out-rigger to the house, fitted all round with movable blinds, or *jealousies*, and open like a lantern to all the winds of heaven except the west, in which direction the main body of the house warded off the sickening beams of the setting sun;—and how sickening they are, let the weary sentries under the pillars of the Jamaica vicerey's house in Spanish town tell, reflected as they were there from the hot brick walls of the palace.

This room again communicated with the back-yard, in which the negro-houses, kitchen, and other offices were situated, by a wooden stair, of the same elevation as that in front. Here the table was laid for dinner, covered with the finest diaper, and snow-white napkins, and silver wine-coolers, and silver forks, and fine steel, and cut glass, and cool green finger-glasses, with lime leaves floating within, and tall wax-lights shaded from the breeze in thin glass barrels, and an *epergne* filled with flowers, with a fragrant fresh-gathered lime in each of the small leaf-like branches, and saltcellars with red peppers in them, &c. &c., that made the *tout ensemble* the most captivating imaginable to a hungry man.

I found a large party assembled in the piazza and the dark hall, to whom I was introduced in due form. In Jamaica, of all countries I ever was in, it is a most difficult matter for a stranger to ascertain the real names of the guests at a bachelor party like the present, where all the parties were intimate, there were so many *soubriquets* amongst them: for instance, a highly-respectable merchant of the place, with some fine young women for daughters, by the way, from the peculiarity of a prominent front tooth, was generally known as the Grand Duke of Tuscan; while an equally respectable elderly man, with a slight touch of paralysis in his head, was christened Old Steady in the West, because he never kept his head still; so, whether some of the names of the present party were real or fictitious, I really cannot tell.

First, there was Mr. Seco, a very neat, gentlemanlike, little man, perfectly well-bred, and full of French phrases. Then came Mr. Eschylus Stave, a tall, raw-boned, well-informed, personage—a bit of a quiz on occasion, but withal a pleasant fellow. Mr. Isaac Shingle, mine host, a sallow, sharp, hatchet-faced, small homo; but warm-hearted and kind, as I often experienced during my sojourn in the west, only sometimes a little peppery and argumentative. Then came Mr. Jacob Bumble, a sleek, fat-pated Scotchman. Next I was introduced to Mr. Alonso Smooth-pate, a very handsome fellow, with an uncommon share of natural good breeding and politeness. Again I clapperclawed, according to the fashion of the country, a violent shake of the paw being the Jamaica infestation to acquaintanceship, Mr. Percales, whom I took for a foreign Jew some how or another, at first, from his uncommon name, until I heard him speak, and perceived he was an Englishman: indeed, his fresh complexion, very neat person, and gentlemanlike deportment, when I had time to reflect, would of themselves have disconnected him from all kindred with the sons of Levi. Then came a long, dark-complexioned, curly-pated, slip of a lad, with white teeth, and high strongly-marked features, considerably pitted with small-pox: he seemed the great promoter of fun and wickedness in the party, and was familiarly addressed as the Don, although I believe his real name was Mr. Lucifer Long-tram. Then there was Mr. Aspen Tremble, a fresh-looking, pleasant, well-informed man; and an exceedingly-polite old gentleman, wearing hair-powder and a queue, ycleped Nicodemus; and a very devil of a little chap, of the name of Rubiochicho, a great ally in wickedness with Master Long-tram; and the last in this eventful history was a staid, sedate-looking, elderly young man, of the name of Onyx Steady, an extensive foreign merchant, with a species of dry caustic senti-

ness about him that was dangerous enough. We sat down; Isaac Shingle doing the honours, confronted by Eschylus Stave, and all was right, and smooth, and pleasant.

When the second course appeared, I noticed that the blackie, who brought in two nice, tender, little ducklings, with the concomitant green peas, both just come in season, was chuckling, and grinning, and showing his white teeth most vehemently, as he placed both dishes right under Jacob Bumble's nose. Shingle and Longtram exchanged looks. I saw there was some mischief toward, and presently, as if by some preconcerted signal, every body asked for duck, duck, duck. Bumble, with whom the dish was a prime favourite, carved away with a most stern countenance, until he had got half through the second bird, when some unpleasant recollection seemed to come over him, and his countenance fell; and lying back on his chair, he gave a deep sigh. But, "Mr. Bumble, that breast, if you please—thank you."—"Mr. Bumble, that back, if you please," succeeded each other rapidly, until all that remained of the last of the ducklings was a beautiful little leg, which, under cover of the following story, Jacob cannily smuggled on to his own plate.

"Why, gentlemen, a most remarkable circumstance happened to me while dressing for dinner. You all know I am next-door neighbour to our friend Shingle, our premises being only divided by a brick wall, about eight feet high. Well, my dressing-room window looks out on this wall, between which and the house I have my duck-pen!"

"Your what?" said I.

"My poultry-yard, as I like to see the creatures fed myself; and I was particularly admiring two beautiful ducklings which I had been carefully fattening for a whole week"—(here our friend's voice shook, and a tear glistened in his eye)—"when first one, and then another, jumped out of the little pond, and successively made a grab at something which I could not see, and immediately began to shake their wings, and struggle with their feet, as if they were dancing, until, as with one accord,—deuce take me!"—(here he almost blubbered aloud)—"if they did not walk up the brick wall with all the deliberation in the world, merely helping themselves over the top by a small fluff of their wings; and where they have gone, none of Shingle's people know."

"I'll trouble you for that leg, Julius," said Longtram, at this juncture, to a servant, who whipped away the plate from under Bumble's arm before he could prevent him, who looked after it as if it had been a pound of his own flesh. It seemed that Longtram, who had arrived rather early, had found a fishing-tackle in the piazza, and knowing the localities of Bumble's premises, he had, by way of

adding his quota to the entertainment, baited two hooks with pieces of raw potatoes, and throwing them over the wall, had, in conjunction with Julius the Black, hooked up the two ducklings out of the pen, to the amusement of Squire Bumble.

By and by, as the evening wore on, I saw the Longtram lad making demonstrations to bring on a general drink, in which he was nobly seconded by Rubiochicho; and I grieve to say it, I was noways loth, nor indeed were any of the company. There had been a great deal of mirth and frolic during dinner—all within proper bounds, however; but as the night made upon us, we set more sail—more, as it turned out, than some of us had ballast for—when, lo! towards ten of the clock, up started Mr. Eschylus, to give us a speech. His seat was at the bottom of the table, with the back of his chair close to the door that opened into the yard; and after he had got his breath out, on I forget what topic, he sat down, and lay back on his balanced chair, stretching out his long legs with great complacency. However, they did not prove a sufficient counterpoise to his very square shoulders, which, obeying the laws of gravitation, destroyed his equilibrium, and threw him a somersault, when exit Eschylus Stave, Esq., head foremost, with a formidable rumble-tumble and hurry-scurry down the back steps, his long shanks disappearing last, and clipping between us and the bright moon like a pair of flails. However, there was no damage done; and after a good laugh, Stave's own being loudest of all, the Don and Rubiochicho righted him, and helped him once more into his chair.

Jacob Bumble now favoured us with a song, that sounded as if he had been barrelled up in a punchoon, and was *cantando* through the bung-hole; then Rubiochicho sang, and the Don sang, and we all sang and bumped away; and Mr. Seco got on the table, and gave us the newest quadrille step; and in fine, we were all becoming dangerously drunk. Longtram, especially, had become uproarious beyond all bounds; and getting up from his chair, he took a short run of a step or two, and sprang right over the table, whereby he smashed the epergus full of fruit and flowers, scattering the contents all about like hail, and driving a volley of preserved limes like grape-shot, in all their syrup and stickiness, slap into my face—a stray one splashing with a sloppy *whit* into Jacob Bumble's open mouth as he sang, like a musket-ball into a winter turnip; while a fine, preserved pine-apple flew bash on Isaac Shingle's sharp snout, like the bursting of a shrapnel shell. "Hang it," hiccupped Shingle, "won't stand this any longer, by Ju-Ju-Jupiter! Give over your practicals, Lucifer! Confound it, Don, give over,—do, now, you mad, long-legged son of a gun!" Here the

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Don caught Shingle round the waist, and whipping him bodily out of his chair, carried him kicking and spurring into the hall, now well lit up, and laid him on a sofa; and then returning, coolly installed himself in his seat.

In a little, we heard the squeaking of a pig in the street, and our friend Shingle's voice high in oath. I sallied forth to see the cause of the uproar, and found our host engaged in single combat, with a drawn sword-stick, that sparkled blue and bright in the moonbeam, his antagonist being a strong porker, that he had taken for a town-guard, and had hemmed into a corner formed by the stair and the garden-wall, which, on being pressed, made a dash between his spindle-shanks, and fairly capsize him into my arms. I carried him back to his couch again; and thinking it was high time to be off, as I saw that Smoothpate, and Steady, and Nicodemus, and the more composed part of the company, had already absconded, I seized my hat, and made sail in the direction of the former's house, where I was to sleep, when that devil Longtram made up to me.

"Hillo, my little man-of-war, heave-to a bit, and take me with you. Why what *is* that? what the deuce *is* that?" We were at this time staggering along under the dark piazza of a long line of low, wooden houses, every now and then thundering against the thin boards, or bulkheads, that constitute the side next the street, making, as we could distinctly hear, the inmates start and snort in the inside, as they turned themselves in their beds. In the darkest part of the piazza, there was the figure of a man, in the attitude of a telescope levelled on its stand, with its head, as it were, countersunk or morticed into the wooden partition. Tipsy as we both were, we stopped in great surprise.

"Hang it, Cringle," said the Don, his philosophy utterly at fault, "the trunk of a man without a head! How is this?"

"Why, Mr. Longtram," I replied, "this is our friend Mr. Smoothpate, or I mistake greatly."

"Let me see," said Longtram. "If it be him, he need to have a head somewhere, I know. Let me see. Oh, it is him;—you are right, my boy; and here *is* his head after all, and a devil of a size it has grown to since dinner-time to be sure. But I know his features—bald pate—high forehead and cheek-bones."

Nota Bene.—We were still in the piazza, where Smoothpate was unquestionably present in the body, but the head was within the house, and altogether, as I can avouch, beyond the Don's ken.

"Where?" said I, groping about;—"very odd, for deuce take me if I can see his head. Why, he has none—a phenomenon—four legs and a tail, but no head, as I am a gentleman,—lively enough, too, he is,—don't

seem to miss it much." Here poor Smoothpate made a violent wallowing in a vain attempt to disentangle himself.

"Here—here, Cringle," persisted Longtram,—"*here is his head.*"

"Zounds, man, don't bother!" cried I,—"*that is not his head, any how, it is his butt-end—his stern, man.*"

We could now hear shouts of laughter within, and a voice that I was sure belonged to Master Smoothpate, begging to be released from the pillory he had placed himself in by removing a board in the wooden partition, and sliding it up, and then thrusting his caput from without into the interior of the house, to the no small amazement of the brown fiddler and his daughter, who inhabited the same, and who had immediately secured their prize by slipping the displaced board down again, wedging it firmly on the back of his neck, as if he had been fitted for the guillotine—thus nailing him fast, unless he had bolted, and left his head in pawn.

We now entered, and perceived it was really Don Alonso's flushed, but very handsome countenance, that was grinning at us from where it was fixed, like a large penny rose stuck against the wall. After a hearty laugh we relieved him; and being now joined by Percakes, who came up in his gig, with Mr. Smoothpate following in his wake, we embarked for an airing at half-past one in the morning, Smoothpate and Percakes, Longtram and Tom Cringle.

Retrospective Cleanings.

MODERATION.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—"Nothing makes greatness last like the moderate use of authority. Haughty and violent minds never bless their owners with a settled peace. Men come down by domineering. He that is lifted to sudden preferment, had need be much more careful of his actions than he that hath enjoyed it long. If it be not a wonder, it is yet strange; and all strangers we observe more strictly than we do those that have dwelt among us. Men observe fresh authority, to inform themselves how to trust. It is good that the advanced man remember to retain the same humility that he had before his rise: and let him look back to the good intentions that sojourned with him in his low estate. Commonly, we think then of worthy deeds; which we promise ourselves to do, if we had but means. But when that means comes, we forget what we thought, and practise the contrary. Whosoever comes to place from a mean being, had need have so much more virtue as will make good his want of blood. Nobility will check at the leap of a low man. A round heart will fasten friends; and link men to thee in the chains of love. And be-

here it, thou wilt find those friends firmest, (though not most,) that thy virtues purchase thee. These will love thee, when thou art but man again: whereas those that are won without desert, will also be lost without a cause. Smoothness declineth envy. It is better to descend a little from state, than assume any thing that may seem above it. It is not safe to tender authority. Pride increaseth enemies; but it puts our friends to flight. It was a just quip, that a proud cardinal had from a friend, that, upon his election, went to Rome on purpose to see him; where, finding his behaviour stretched all to pride and state, departed, and made him a mourning suit, wherein next day he came again to visit him; who asking the cause of his blacks, was answered, it was for the death of humility, which died in him, when he was elected cardinal. Authority displays the man. Whatsoever opinion in the world thy former virtues have gained thee, is now under a jury that will condemn it; if they slack here. The way to make honour last, is to do by it as men do by rich jewels; not uncommon them to every-day eye: but case them up, and wear them but on festivals. And, be not too glorious at first; it will send men to too much expectation, which when they fail of, will turn to neglect. Thou hast better show thyself by a little at once; than, in a windy ostentation, pour out thyself together: so, that respect thou gainest will be more permanent, though it be not got in such haste. Some profit thou mayest make of thinking from whence thou camest. He that bears that still in his mind, will be more wary how he trench upon those that were once above him. It was the admonition of the dying Otho to Cocceius: Neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that Cæsar was his uncle. When we look on ourselves in the shine of prosperity, we are apt for the puff and scorn. When we think not on it at all, we are likely to be much imbeased. An estate evened with these thoughts endureth: our advancement is many times from fortune; our moderation in it is that which she can never give nor deprive us of. In what condition æver I live, I would neither bite nor fawn."

W. G. C.

The Oathert.

Secret Dispatches.—During the Sung dynasty, about A.D. 1000, military officers in China used to make a ball of wax, and inclose in it their secret dispatches. To this sort of letter they gave the name of *La shoo*, "wax letter;" or *La pean*, "wax memorial." We do not remember to have read any where else of such a method of sending secret documents, which at the same time were water-proof.

FERNANDO.

Promise "in futuro."—A president of the parliament of Paris, presenting an address to the Duke of Burgundy, then an infant, said, "We come, prince, to offer you our respects; our children will give you their services."

The Asiatic Elephant.—M. Cuvier says that the Asiatic elephant is fifteen or sixteen feet high. This appears to be an error: elephants in India rarely, if ever, exceed eleven feet in height.

A King's Word should be always sacred.—John I., King of France, being advised to break a treaty he had lately made, "No," replied he; "though sincerity and truth were abandoned by all mankind, they should still find an asylum in the breast of kings."

THOMAS GILL.

Spectacles.—Much has been written respecting the superiority of pebbles over glasses; but their actual superiority consists, only in this, that they are much less liable to be broken or scratched, and so may be carried in the pocket without a case; for which convenience they cost above four times as much as glasses. It is, indeed, impossible to point out any difference between good pebbles and good glasses.—*Curtis, on the Eye.*

The Eye.—The use of shades and bandages on every trifling affection of the eye, is an evil that cannot be too strongly reprobated; for the action of light and air being thus excluded, and the organ rigidly compressed, ophthalmia, and even total blindness, is not unfrequently the consequence of what being perhaps merely a slight flow of humour, or a little extravasated blood, would have subsided in a few days, if judiciously treated, or even if left to itself.—*Ibid.*

Origin of the name Muslin.—The city of Mosul, formerly the capital of Mesopotamia, stands upon the right or western bank of the Tigris, opposite to the site of ancient Nineveh. "All those cloths of gold and silk which we, the Venetians, (says Marco Polo,) call muslins, are of the manufacture of Mosul." It is not improbable that the city of Mosul being at that time one of the greatest entrepôts of eastern commerce, may have given the appellation to various productions of the loom conveyed from thence to the Mediterranean.—*INNES.*

How many amusing and ridiculous scenes should we witness in this world; if each pair of men that secretly laugh at each other, were to laugh at each other aloud.

Dress is a foolish thing, and yet it is not foolish to be well dressed.

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